By drunken prophefies libels and dreames,
To fet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againft the other;
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuft
As I am fubtile, falfe and trecherous;
This day fhould *Clarence* clofely be mewd vp,
About a prophefie which fayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer fhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my foule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of Men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cla. His Maiefty tendring my perfons fafety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what caufe?

Cla. Becaufe my name is *George*.

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He fhould for that commit your god-fathers:
O belike his Maiefty hath fome intent
That you fhall be new chriftned in the Tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteft
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophefies, and dreames,
And from the croffe-row pluckes the letter G,
And fayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iffue difinherited fhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he:
Thefe as I learne and fuch like toyes as thefe,
Haue moued his highneffe to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women,
Tis not the King that fends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis fhe
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not fhe and that good man of worfhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him fend L. *Haftings* to the Tower,
From whence this prefent day he is deliuered?
We are not fafe *Clarence*, we are not fafe. *Cla.*

Cla. By Heauen I thinke t
But the Queenes kindred,
That truge betweene the Kin
Heard you not what an hun
Lord *Haftings* was to her fo

Glo. Humbly complaynin
Got my Lord Chamberlaine
Ile tell you what, I thinke
If we will keepe in fauour w
To be her men and weare her
The iealous ore-worme widd
Since that our brother dubd
Are mighty goffips in this m

Bro. I befeech your graces b
His Maiefty hath ftraightly
That no man fhall haue priu
Of what degree foeuer with

Glo. Euen fo and pleafe y
You may pertake of any thin
We fpeake no treafon man,
Is wife and vertuous and th
Well ftroke in yeares, faire ar
We fay that *Shores* Wife hat
A chery lip a bonny eye, a
And that the Queenes kindre
How fay you fir, can you do

Bro. VVith this (my Lord)

Glo. Nought to do with M
He that doth nought with h
VVere beft to do it fecretl

Bro. VVhat one my Lor

Glo. Her husband knaue,

Bro. I befeech your Grace
Your conference with the no

Cla. We know thy charg

Glo. We are the Queenes
Brother farewell I will vnto
And whatfoeuer you will imp
VVere it to call King *Edwar*

A

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37